

48. ОЙ, ПРИ ЛУЖКУ

On the Grassy Meadowlands

English translation by
Alexander F. Beck

Обработка В. Н. Мантулина
Arranged by V.N. Mantulin

Moderato (M. M., ♩=108)

Duo

Ой, при лу - жку, при лу - жку, при ши - ро - комъ по - - лъ ,
On the gras - sy mead - ow lands, in the bound - less pas - - ture ,

Solo

Tutti

при ста - ни - шномъ та - бу - нъ конь гу - лялъ на во - - лъ ,
with the Cos - sack vil - lage herd, free, a horse was runn - - ing ,

при ста - ни - шномъ та - бу - нъ конь гу - лялъ на во - лъ .
with the Cos - sack vil - lage herd, free, a horse was runn - ing .

Ты гуляй, гуляй мой конь,
Пока не поймаю.
Как поймаю, зануздаю
Шелковой уздою.

Зануздаю козакъ коня
Шелковой уздою,
Тронуль шпорами подь бока,
Конь летить стрѣлюю.

Ты лети, лети, мей конь,
Вихремъ пронесися,
Противъ милкина двора
Стань, остановися.

Стань предь воротами,
Ударь копытами,
Чтобы вышла дивчинонька
Съ черными бровями.

Но не вышла дивчинонька,
Вышла ея матка:
Здравствуй, здравствуй, милый зятю,
Пожалуй-ка въ хату.

Нѣтъ, я въ хату не пойду,
Пойду во свѣтлицу
Разбужу я сладкій сонъ
Красныя дѣвицы.

Но дѣвица не спала,
Друга ожидала,
Правой ручкой обняла,
Крѣпко цѣловала.

*Have your freedom, have your fun,
Till I come to find you.
Then I'll catch and hold you, horse,
With a silken bridle.*

*Now the Cossack mounts his horse,
Holds the silken bridle;
Lightly touched his flanks with spurs
And the horse is flying.*

*Keep on galloping, my horse,
Like the whirlwind passing,
But before my sweetheart's house
Stop and stand there prancing.*

*At the gate prance proudly,
Stamp your shod hooves loudly,
Till to meet us comes my sweetheart
With the jet-black eyebrows.*

*But my sweetheart didn't greet us,
Came, instead, her mother:
"Welcome, welcome, son-in-law, dear,
Step inside to visit."*

*I won't go with you to sit,
I'll go to the chambers,
There to waken from her sleep
Sweetheart mine, the fairest.*

*But the girl was not asleep
(Passion, expectation),
She embraced her man for keeps,
Kissed him hard, impatient.*

